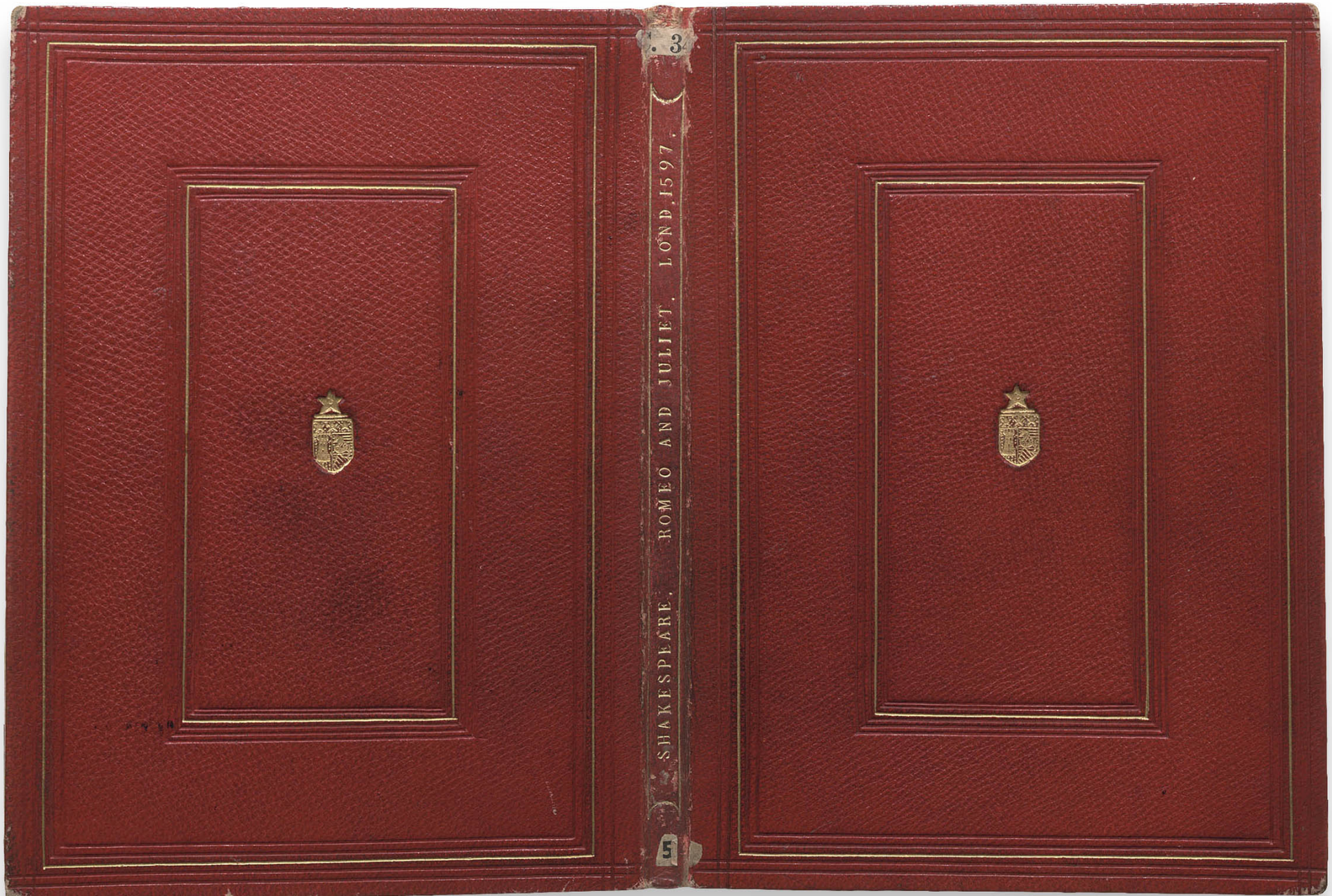
1. 3.
SHAKESPEARE. ROMEO AND JULIET. LOND. 1597.
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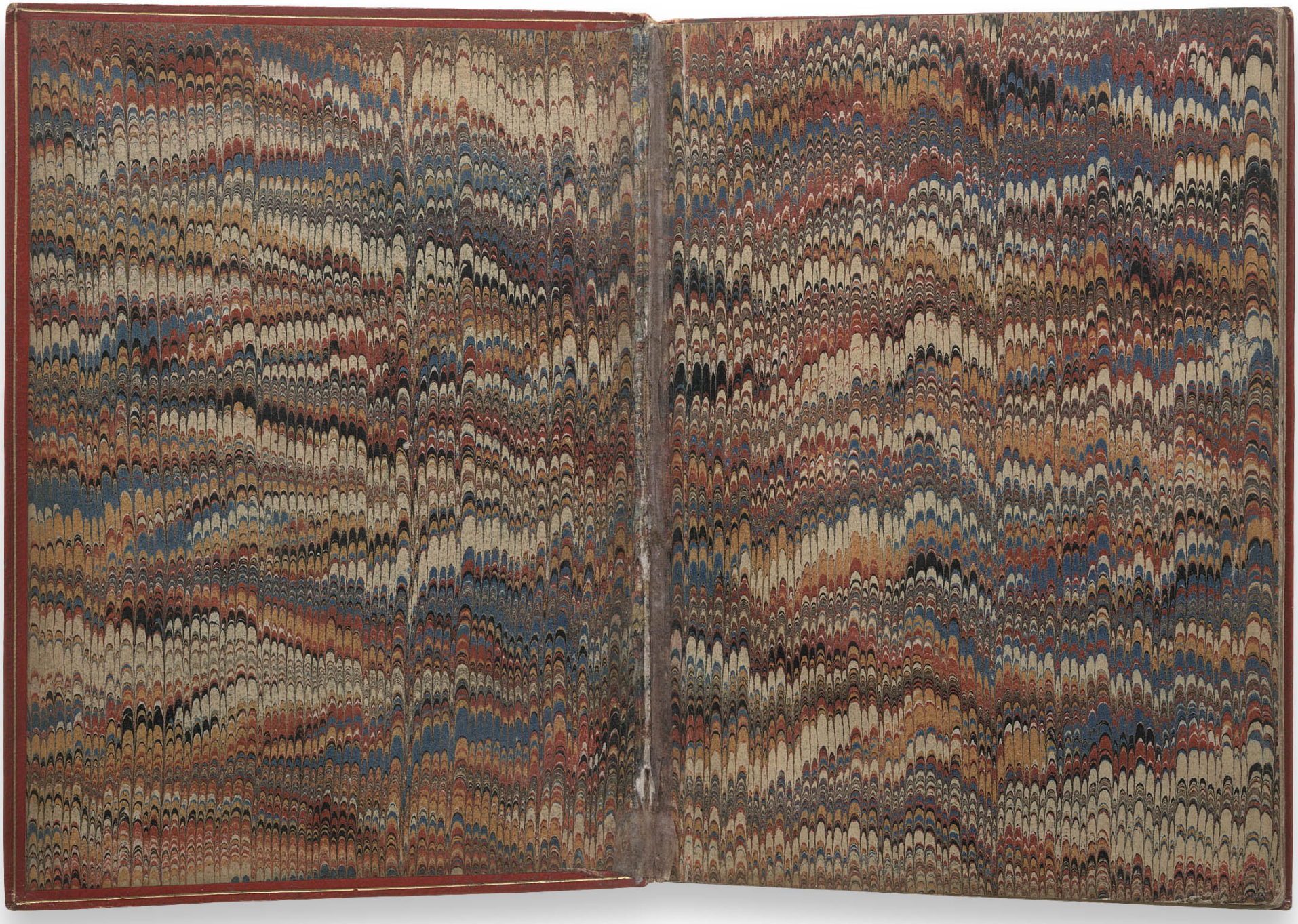


C. 34. k. 55.

K. Shakespeare, W.

AN EXCELLENT conceited Tragedie OF Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of *Hunsdon* his Seruants.

LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter.
1597

The Prologue.

Two houſhold Frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, *where we lay our Scene)*
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whoſe ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt Louers tooke their life:
Whoſe miſaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers ſtrife,
And death-markt paſſage of their Parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l ſtudie to amend.

The most excellent Tragedie of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Enter 2. Seruing-men of the Capolets.

GRegorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.

1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the the collar.

1 I strike quickly being moou'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.

1 A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.

2 To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't runne away.

1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take the wall of.

2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes to the wall.

1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt see I am a tall peece of flesh.

2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou wouldst be but poore Iohn.

1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, & off with their heads.

2 The heads of the maids?

1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades, take it in what sence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in sence that feele it, but heere comes two of the *Mountagues.*

Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.

1 Moun: Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 Moun: I but i'st at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?

2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

Enter Beneuolio.

1 Moun: I but i'st at vs?

2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

They draw, to them enters Tybalt, *they fight, to them the Prince, old* Mountague, *and his wife, old* Capulet *and his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

1 Prince: Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your liues shall pay the ransome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
And *Mountague*, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who set this auncient quarrel first abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

Benuo: Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,
And yours close fighting ere I did approch.

VVife: Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worshipt sunne
Peept through the golden window of the East,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
That Westward rooteth from the Cities side,
So early walking might I see your sonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That most are busied when th'are most alone,
Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

Moun: Black and portentious must this honor proue,
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue.

Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside,
Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied.

Mount: I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.
Benuo: Good morrow Cosen.
Romeo: Is the day so young?
Ben: But new stroke nine.
Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?
Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?
Rom: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them short.
Ben: In loue.
Ro: Out.
Ben: Of loue.
Ro: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.
Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrranous and rough in proose.
Ro: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create!
O heauie lightnes serious vanitie!
Mishapen *Chaos* of best seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben: No Cose I rather weepe.
Rom: Good hart at what?
Ben: At thy good hearts oppression.
Ro: Why such is loues transgression,

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest
With more of thine, this griefe that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a smoke raisde with the fume of sighes
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.
What is it else? A madnes most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet. Farewell Cose.
Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.
Ro: Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.
Ben: Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue?
Ro: What shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben: Why no, but sadly tell me who.
Ro: Bid a sick man in sadnes make his will.
Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.
In sadnes Cosen I doo loue a woman.
Ben: I aimde so right, when as you said you lou'd.
Ro: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.
Ben: A right faire marke faire Cose is sooneft hit.
Ro: But in that hit you misse, shee'le not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianaes* wit,
And in strong proose of chastitie well arm'd:
Gainst *Cupids* childish bow she liues vnharm'd,
Shee'le not abide the siedge of louing tearmes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,
Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when she dies with beautie dies her store. *Exeu.*

Enter Countie Paris, *old* Capulet,

Of honorable reckoning are they both,

And pittie tis they liue at ods so long:
But leauing that, what say you to my sute?
Capu: What should I say more than I said before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.
Paris: Younger than she are happie mothers made.
Cap: But too soone marde are these so early maried:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her consent is but a part.
This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as I loue: yet you among the store,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poore house you shall behold this night,
Earth treadding stars, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.
Enter Seruingman.
Where are you sirra, goe trudge about
Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out:
Whose names are written here and to them say,
My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.
Exeunt.
Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here,

and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoomaker with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher with his Peasill, I must to the learned.
Enter Benuolio and Romeo.
Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning
One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will die.
Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.
Ben: For what?
Romeo: For your broken shin.
Ben: Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,
Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
Ser: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom: Iif I know the letters and the language.
Seru: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.
Rom: Stay fellow I can read.
He reads the Letter.
SEigneur Martino *and his wife and daughters, Countie* Anselme *and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louelie Neeces,* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine, *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters, my faire Neece* Rosaline *and*

Liuia, Seigneur Valentio *and his Cosen* Tibalt, Lucio *and the liuelie* Hellena.
A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser: Vp.

Ro: Whether to supper?

Ser: To our house.

Ro: Whose house?

Ser: My Masters.

Ro: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.

Ser: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben: At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drownde could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers
One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Rom: Ile goe along no such sight to be shewne,

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

Wife: Nurce whier's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. Where's this girle? what* Iuliet. *Enter Iuliet.*

Iuliet: How now who cals?

Nurce: *Your Mother.*

Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?

Wife: This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsaile. Thou knowest my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurce: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*

Wife: Shee's not fourteene.

Nurce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to* Lammas-tide?

Wife: A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene.* Susan *and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. Well* Susan *is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marie I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Douehouse wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole*

to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is a leauen yeare: for then could Iuliet *stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue wadled vp and downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man: Dost thou fall forward* Iuliet? *thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not* Iuliet? *and by my holidam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hundred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not* Iuliet? *and by my troth she stinted and cried I.*

Iuliet: And stint thou too, I pre thee Nurce say I.

Nurce: *Well goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nurst, might I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.*

Wife: And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame I meant to talke of: Tell me *Iuliet*, howe stand you affected to be married?

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurce: *An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy Teat.*

Wife: Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* seekes thee for his Wife.

Nurce: *A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.*

Wife: *Veronaes* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurce: *Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Wife: Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne: *Madam you are cald for, supper is readie, the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all things in extreamitie, make hast for I must be gone to waite.*

Enter Maskers with Romeo *and a Page.*

Ro: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor no without booke Prologue faintly spoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleeue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

Mer: Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the senceles rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a Grandsire phrase,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

Mer: Tut dun's the mouse, the Constables owne word:
If thou beest Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this sir reuerence loue wherein thou stickst.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

Rom: Nay thats not so. *Mer:* I meane sir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our iudgement sits
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.
Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer: Why *Romeo* may one aske?
Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer: And so did I. *Rom:* Why what was yours?
Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true,
Rom: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things
Mer: Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you.
Ben: Queene Mab whats she?
She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone
On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
Athwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe,
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of Grashoppers,
The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,
Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,
And in this sort she gallops vp and downe
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue
O're Courtiers knees: who strait on curtsies dreame
O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait:
Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breathes with sweet meats tainted are:
Sometimes she gallops o're a Lawers lap,

And then dreames he of smelling out a suite,
And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,
Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice:
Sometime she gallops o're a souldiers nose,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,
Of healthes fiue fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare: at which he starres and wakes,
And sweares a Praier or two and sleepes againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in
And plats the Elfelocks in foule sluttish haire,
Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes.
Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.
Mer: True I talke of dreames,
Which are the Chi dren of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,
And more inconstant than the winde,
Which wooes euen now the frosē bowels of the north,
And being angred puffes away in haste,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (selues.
Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
Supper is done and we shall come too late.
Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues
Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
Of a dispised life, closde in this breast,
By some vntimelie forfet of vile death:

But he that hath the steerage of my course
Directs my saile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet *with the Ladies.*

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp, (come,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah sirra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cosen *Capulet:*
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

Cos: By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at least.

Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio,*
Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

Cos: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.

Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
His sonne was but a Ward three yeares ague,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.

Rom: What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes showes.

The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now? Forsweare it sight,
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

Tib: This by his voice should be a *Mountague,*
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To scorne and ieere at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

Ca: Why how now Cosen, wherfore storme you so.

Ti: Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in spight,
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

Ca: Young *Romeo,* is it not?

Ti: It is that villaine *Romeo.* (man,

Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-
And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my house doo him disparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,
Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.

Ti: It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
Ile not indure him.

Ca: He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,
Am I the Master of the house or you?
You'le not indure him? God shall mend my soule
You'le make a mutenie amongst my guests,
You'le set Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.

Ti: Vncle tis a shame.

Ca: Goe too, you are a saucie knaue.
This tricke will scath you one day I know what.
Well said my hartes. Be quiet:
More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,
Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this:
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.
Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this:
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.
Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.
Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to dispaire.
Iu: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier forsake.
Ro: Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.
Iu: Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweedy vrgde!
Giue me my sinne againe.
Iu: You kisse by the booke.
Nurse: *Madame your mother calles.*
Rom: What is her mother?
Nurse: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I nurst*

her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.
Rom: Is she a *Mountague*? Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.
Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.
They whisper in his eare.
I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?
Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,
I promise you but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.
Exeunt.
Iul: Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?
Nur: *The sonne and heire of old* Tiberio.
Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore?
Nur: *That as I thinke is yong* Petruchio. (dance?
Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not
Nur: *I know not.*
Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be maried,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nur: *His name is* Romeo *and a* Mountague, *the onely sonne of your great enemie.*
Iul: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene vnknowne, and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I should loue a loathed enemie.
Nurse: *What's this? what's that?*
Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of one I danc'd with.
Nurse: *Come your mother staies for you, Ile goe along with you.*
Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben: *Romeo*, my coſen *Romeo*.

Mer: Doeſt thou heare he is wiſe,
Vpon my life he hath ſtolne him home to bed.

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*.

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.
Romeo, madman, humors, paſſion, liuer, appeare thou in likenes of a ſigh: ſpeak but one rime & I am ſatiſfied, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, ſpeake to my goſſip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde ſonne and heire young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee that ſhot ſo trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by *Roſalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and ſcarlet lip, her prettie foote, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer: Nay this cannot anger him, marrie if one ſhould raiſe a ſpirit in his Miſtris circle of ſome ſtrange faſhion, making it there to ſtand till ſhe had laid it, and coniurde it downe, that were ſome ſpite: My inuocation is faire and honeſt, and in his Miſtris name I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himſelfe amongſt thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and beſt befits the darke.

Mer:

Mer: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his Miſtris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that ſhe were, ah that ſhe were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To ſeeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro: He ieſts at ſcars that neuer felt a wound:
But ſoft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Ariſe faire Sunne, and kill the enuious Moone
That is alreadie ſicke, and pale with griefe:
That thou her maid, art far more faire than ſhe.
Be not her maide ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her veſtall liuerie is but pale and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, caſt it off.
She ſpeakes, but ſhe ſayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye diſcourſeth, I will anſwere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes,
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the skies,
Hauing ſome buſines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinckle in their ſphears till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would ſhame thoſe ſtars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region ſtreame ſo bright,
That birdes would ſing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now ſhe leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that ſame hand,

That I might kisse that cheeke.

Iul: Ay me.

Rom: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my (head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the aire.

Iul: Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
And il'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?

Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.
Whats *Mountague?* It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptisde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iu: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doest stumble on my counsaile?

Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee.

Had I it written I would teare the word.

Iul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague?*

Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

Iu: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

Ro: By loues light winges did I oreperch these wals,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmitie. (here.

Iul: I would not for the world they shuld find thee

Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iu: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

Ro: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
He gaue me counsaile and lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,
I would aduenture for such Marchandise.

Iul: Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,

What I haue ſpoke: but farewell complements.
Doeſt thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou ſweareſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe:
At Louers periuries they ſay Ioue ſmiles.
Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too eaſely wonne,
Il'e frowne and ſay thee nay and be peruerſe,
So thou wilt wooe: but elſe not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my hauiour light:
But truſt me gentleman Ile proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould haue bin ſtrange I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer-heardſt ere I was ware
My true loues Paſsion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

Ro: By yonder bleſſed Moone I ſweare,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruit trees tops.

Iul: O ſweare not by the Moone the vnconſtant
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,
Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.

Ro: Now by

Iul: Nay doo not ſweare at all,
Or if thou ſweare, ſweare by thy glorious ſelfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And Il'e beleeue thee.

Ro: If my true harts loue

Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in
I haue ſmall ioy in this contract to night, (thee,
It is too raſh, too ſodaine, too vnaduiſde,

Too like the lightning that doth ceaſe to bee
Ere one can ſay it lightens. I heare ſome comming,
Deare loue adew, ſweet *Mountague* be true,
Stay but a little and il'e come againe.

Ro: O bleſſed bleſſed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and ſee,
Too flattering true to be ſubſtantiall.

Iul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow
By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

Ro: Loue goes toward loue like ſchoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to ſchoole with heauie lookes.

Iul: Romeo, Romeo, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Taſſell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarſe and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarſe as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.
Romeo?

Ro: It is my ſoule that calles vpon my name,
How ſiluer ſweet ſound louers tongues in night.

Iul: Romeo?

Ro: Madame.

Iul: At what a clocke to morrow ſhall I ſend?

Ro: At the houre of nine.

Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom: Let me stay here till you remember it.
Iul: I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Rom: And if'e stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu: Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.
Ro: Would I were thy bird.
Iul: Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,
Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.
Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.
Enter Frier Francis. (night,
Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning
Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie
We must vp fill this oasier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers.
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,

But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medecine power:
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares each hart,
Being tasted slaies all sences with the hart.
Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.
Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.
Fri: Benedicite, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth
Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me?
So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie:
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
Thou art vprowsed by some distemperature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
Ro: The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri: God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline?*
Ro: With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?
Fri: Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin
Ro: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feasting with mine enemie:

Where on the ſodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phiſicke lies,
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſsion likewiſe ſteades my foe.
Frier: Be plaine my ſonne and homely in thy driſt,
Ridling confeſsion findes but ridling ſhrift.
Rom: Then plainely know my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, ſo hers likewiſe on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
I'le tell thee as I paſſe: But this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* whome thou didſt loue ſo deare
So ſoone forſooke, ſo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
Ieſu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water caſt away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of loue doth not taſte.
The ſunne not yet thy ſighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this ſentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no ſtrength in men.
Rom: Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
Rom: And badſt me burie loue.
Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.
Rom: I pree thee chide not, ſhe whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fr: Oh ſhe knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one reſpect Ile thy aſsiſtant bee:
For this alliaunce may ſo happie proue,
To turne your Houſholds rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Bennolio.

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo*? came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I ſpake with his man.
Mer: Ah that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad. *(ſaline*
Mer: *Tybalt* the Kinſman of olde *Capolet*
Hath ſent a Letter to his Fathers Houſe:
Some Challenge on my life.
Ben: *Romeo* will anſwere it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may anſwere a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will anſwere the letters maſter if hee bee challenged.
Mer: Who, *Romeo*? why he is alreadie dead: ſtabd with a white wenches blacke eye, ſhot thorough the eare with a loue ſong, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bow-boyes but-ſhaft. And is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?
Ben: Why what is *Tybalt*?
Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catſo, he

fightes as you ſing pricke-ſong, keepes time dyſtance and proportion, reſts me his minum reſt one two and the third in your boſome, the very butcher of a ſilken button, a Duellift a Duellift, a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall Paſſado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of ſuch limping antique affecting fantaſticoes theſe new tuners of accents. By Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graund-ſir is not this a miſerable caſe that we ſhould be ſtil afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhionmongers, theſe pardonmees, that ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſitte at eaſe on the old bench. Oh their bones, their bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo.*

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh flesh how art thou fiſhified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet ſhe had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypſie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harlotries: *Thiſbie* a gray eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curteſie to your French flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yeſternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

Me: The ſlip the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Rom: I cry you mercy my buſines was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer: Oh thats as much to ſay as ſuch a caſe as yours will conſtraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A moſt curteous expoſition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curteſie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Mer: Well ſaid, follow me nowe that ieſt till thou haſt worne

worne out thy Pumpe, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn the ieſt may remaine after the wearing ſolie ſinguler.

Rom: O ſingle ſoald ieſt ſolie ſinguler for the ſinglenes.

Me. Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

Rom: Swits and ſpurres, ſwits & ſpurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgooſe chaſe, I haue done: for I am ſure thou haſt more of the gooſe in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the gooſe.

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that ieſt.

Rom: Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter ſweeting, a moſt ſharp ſauce

Rom: And was it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that ſtretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I ſtretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the gooſe, proues thee faire and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou ſociable, now art thou thy ſelfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldſt haue me ſtopp my tale againſt the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldſt haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom: Heers goodly geare.

Enter Nurſe and her man.

Mer: A ſaile, a ſaile, a ſaile.

Ben: Two

Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it godyegooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no lesse I assure you, for the baudie hand of the dial is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

Rom: A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for himselfe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo?*

Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worse.

Nur: Well said.

Mer: Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wise-ly, wisely.

Nu: If you be he sir, I desire some conference with ye.

Ben: O, belike she meanes to inuite him to supper.

Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom: Why what hast found man?

Mer: No hare sir, vnlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and sings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
is verie good meate in Lent:
But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,
if it hore ere it be spent.

You'l come to your fathers to supper?

Rom: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.

Nurs:

Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what saucie merchant was this that was so full of his roperipe?

Rom: A gentleman Nurse that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.

Nur: If hee stand to anie thing against mee, I'le take him downe if he were lustier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall: I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke vse me at his pleasure.

Pet: I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I would soone haue drawen: you know my toole is as soone out as anothers if I see time and place.

Nur: Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers: scruuie Iacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a fooles paradice as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behauiour as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I pro-test.

Nur: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to shrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:
And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy

Muſt be my conduct in the ſecret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.

Nur: No, not a penie truly.

Rom: I ſay you ſhall not chuſe.

Nur: Well, to morrow morning ſhe ſhall not faile.

Rom: Farewell, be truſtie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*

Nur: *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: The clocke ſtroke nine when I did ſend my Nurſe
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſt to returne.
Perhaps ſhe cannot finde him. Thats not ſo.
Oh ſhe is lazie, Loues heralds ſhould be thoughts,
And runne more ſwift, than haſtie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurſe.

Oh now ſhe comes. Tell me gentle Nurſe,
What ſayes my Loue?

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee reſt a while. Lord how my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me ſome aqua vitæ.

Iul: I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a tother ſide. Lord, Lord, what a caſe am I in.

Iul: But tell me ſweet Nurſe, what ſayes *Romeo*?

Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuſe a man. Hees no bodie, he is not the Flower of curteſie, he is not a proper man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way wench, thou haſt it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head beates?

Iul: What of all this? tell me what ſayes he to our mariage?

Nur: Marry he ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

Iul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou replieſt? He ſaies like a kinde

kinde Gentleman, and an honeſt, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you ſtay a while? is this the poulteſſe for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your ſelfe.

Iul: Nay ſtay ſweet Nurſe, I doo intreate thee now,
What ſayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

Nur: Goe, hye you ſtraight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a ſcuſe that you muſt goe to ſhrift:
There ſtayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I muſt prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord muſt clime a birdes neſt ſoone.
I muſt take paines to further your delight,
But you muſt beare the burden ſoone at night.
Doth this newes pleaſe you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurſe, diſpatch thy buſines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Frier.

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Conſiſts the good of me and *Iuliet*.

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom: This morning here ſhe pointed we ſhould meet,
And conſumate thoſe neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come ſhe will.

Fr: I geſſe ſhe will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.

Enter Iuliet ſomewhat faſt, and embraceth Romeo.

See where ſhe comes,
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flowr:
Of loue and ioy, ſee ſee the ſouraigne power,

Iul: *Romeo*.

Rom:

Rom: My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloasd in Nights mysts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.
Iul: I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.
Rom: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes,
Iul: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.
Fr: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer imbracements till some fitrer time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.
Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.
Iul: Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.
Fr: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben: I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.
Mer: Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.
Ben: Am I like such a one?
Mer: Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude, and as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to be mooud.
Ben: And what too?
Mer: Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for cracking of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst hasill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee wakd

wakd thy dogge that laye a sleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.
Ben: By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.
Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.
Mer: But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.
Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.
Mer: Could you not take occasion?
Tyb: *Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo*?
Mer: Consort. Zwounes consort? the slaue wil make fidlers of vs. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-sticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.
Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that sence your worship may call him man.
Tyb: *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then these, thou art a villaine.
Rom: *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therefore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.
Tyb: Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe.
Ro: I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.
Mer: O dishonorable vile submission. *Allastockado* caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.
Tyb: What wouldest with me?

Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your scabard, least mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

Rom: Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Benuolio* beate downe their weapons.

Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flyes.

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houses.

Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the best.

Mer: A poxe of your houses, I am fairely dresst. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houses, I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulders: For your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slaue shall write my Epitapth, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come sir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houses. *Exeunt*

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my kinsman, Ah *Iuliet*

Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper softens valors steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah *Romeo Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely scorn'd the lowly earth.

Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes must end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

Rom: Alliue in tryumph and *Mercutio* slaine?
Away to heauen respectiue lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'st me: for *Mercutios* soule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And staies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben: *Romeo* away, thou seest that *Tibalt's* slaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.

Rom: Ah I am fortunes slaue,

Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that slue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that villaine?

Ben: There is that *Tybalt*.

Vp sirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The most vnlucky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man slaine by yong *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*,
M: *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie sight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Mountagew*.
Pry: Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?
Ben: *Tybalt* heere slaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.
Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.
But *Tybalt* still persisting in his wrong,
The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,
Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As fast as tung crydepeace, sought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* cast an enuious thrust,
That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued *Romeo*:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.
Mo: He is a *Mountagew* and speakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I doe

I doo intreate sweete Prince thoult iustice giue,
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.
Prin: And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:
Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
To *Phœbus* mansion, such a Waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And send in cloudie night immediately.

Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in her lap.

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What hast thou there, the cordes?
Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone Ladie, we are vndone.
Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?
Nurse: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.
Iul: This torture should be roard in dismall hell.
Can heauens be so enuious?
Nur: *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
God saue the sample, on his manly breast:
A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,
All pale as ashes, I swounded at the sight.

Iul:

Iul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo,* what diſaſter hap
Hath ſeuerd thee from thy true *Iuliet?*
Ah why ſhou'd Heauen ſo much conſpire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So ſoone to ſunder vs by timeleſſe Death?
Nur: O *Tybalt, Tybalt,* the beſt friend I had,
O honeſt *Tybalt,* curteous Gentleman.
Iul: What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
My deare loude couſen, and my deareſt Lord.
Then let the trumpet ſound a generall doome,
Theſe two being dead, then liuing is there none.
Nur: *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that murdred him is baniſhed.
Iul: Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood?
Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.
Iul: O ſerpents hate, hid with a flowring face:
O painted ſepulcher, including filth.
Was neuer booke containing ſo foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo?*
Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honeſtie in men:
All falſe, all faithles, periurde, all forſworne.
Shame come to *Romeo.*
Iul: A bliſter on that tung, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his face Shame is aſhamde to ſit.
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Couſen?
That villaine Couſen would haue kild my husband.
All this is comfort. But there ye[illegible]
VVorſe than his death, [illegible] faine I would forget:
But ah, it preſſeth to my memorie,
Romeo is baniſhed. Ah that word Baniſhed
Is worſe than death, *Romeo* is baniſhed,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt, Iuliet,*
All killd, all ſlaine, all dead, all baniſhed.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurſe?
Nur: VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarſe.
VVill

VVill you goe to them?
Iul: I, I, when theirs are ſpent,
Mine ſhall be ſhed for *Romeos* baniſhment.
Nur: Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Iul: Doo ſo, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier.

Fr: *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VVhich yet we know not.
Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong ſonne with ſuch ſowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom: VVhat leſſe than doomes day is the Princes doome?
Fr: A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom: Ha, Baniſhed? be mercifull, ſay death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it ſelfe, doo not ſay Baniſhment.
Fr: Hence from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom: There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it ſelfe.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world:
And world exilde is death. Calling death baniſhment,
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fr: Oh monſtrous ſinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath ruſhd aſide the law,

And

And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment:
This is meere mercie, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouſe, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flyes, than *Romeo*: they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
And ſteale immortall kiſſes from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Flies may doo this, but I from this muſt flye.
Oh Father hadſt thou no ſtrong poyſon mixt,
No ſharpe ground knife, no preſent meane of death,
Though nere ſo meane, but baniſhment
To torture me withall: ah, baniſhed.
O Frier, the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadſt thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſinne abſo'uer, and my frend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, Baniſhment?
Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but ſpeake a word,
Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Baniſhment.
Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou be baniſhed.
Rom: Yet Baniſhed? hang vp philoſophie,
Vnleſſe philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fr: O, now I ſee that madmen haue no eares.
Rom: How ſhould they, when that wiſe men haue no eyes.
Fr: Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom: Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feele.

Wert

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdred,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mightſt thou ſpeake, then mightſt thou teare thy hayre.
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.

Nurſe knockes.

Fr: *Romeo* ariſe, ſtand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, ariſe and get thee gone.
Nu: Hoe Fryer.
Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,
Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur: One from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fr: Then come neare.
Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nur: Oh he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe.
Iuſt in her caſe. Oh wofull ſimpathy,
Pitteous predicament, euen ſo lyes ſhee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand,
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an *O*.

He riſes.

Romeo: Nurſe.
Nur: Ah ſir, ah ſir. Wel death's the end of all.

Rom:

Rom: Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?
Doth ſhe not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue ſtainde the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? And what ſayes
My conceal'd Lady to our cancelld loue?

Nur: Oh ſhe ſaith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.

Rom: As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names curſed hand
Murderd her kinſman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may ſacke
The hateſull manſion?

He offers to ſtab himſelfe, and Nurſe ſnatches the dagger away.

Nur: Ah?

Fr: Hold, ſtay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreſonable furyes of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
Or ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both.
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd,
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouſe vp thy ſpirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
For whoſe ſweet ſake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlueſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of bleſſings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his beſt array:
But like a misbehaude and ſullen wench
Thou frowſt vpon thy Fate that ſmilles on thee.

Take heede, take heede, for ſuch dye miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Aſcend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet:
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*.
Nurſe prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Miſtreſſe, haſte the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is,
I could haue ſtayde heere all this night
To heare good counſell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.

Rom: Doe ſo and bidde my ſweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurſe.

Nurſe offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that ſhe bad me giue you,

Rom: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurſe.

Fr: Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time:
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.

Rom: But that a ioy, paſt ioy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe ſo breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife, With County Paris.

Cap: Thinges haue fallen out Sir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.

Looke yee Sir, ſhe lou'd her kinſman dearely,
And ſo did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife where's your daughter, is ſhe in her chamber?
I thinke ſhe meanes not to come downe to night.
Par: Theſe times of woe affoord no time to woo,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet calles him againe.

Cap: Sir *Paris*? Ile make a deſperate tender of my child.
I thinke ſhe will be rulde in all reſpectes by mee:
But ſoft what day is this?
Par: Munday my Lord.
Cap: Oh then Wenſday is too ſoone,
On Thurſday let it be: you ſhall be maried.
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or ſo:
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo lately,
It will be thought we held him careleſſye:
If we ſhould reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe,
But what ſay you to Thurſday.
Par: My Lorde I wiſhe that Thurſday were to morrow.
Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
Fare well my Lord till Thurſday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter, Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is ſo very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierſt the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious ſtrakes
Doo lace the ſeuering clowdes in yonder Eaſt.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the myſtie mountaine tops.
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and dye.
Iul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Then ſtay awhile, thou ſhalt not goe ſoone.
Rom: Let me ſtay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it ſo, I am content.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
Ile ſay it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Meſſenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it ſo,
What ſayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.
Iul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay, the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion:

This doth not ſo: for this diuideth vs.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntſvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.
Farewell my Loue, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.

He goeth downe.

Iul: Art thou gone ſo, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
I muſt heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, ſo will I number them:
Oh, by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I ſee thee againe.
Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.
Iul: Oh, thinkſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe.
Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in the time to come.
Iul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining ſoule.
Me thinkes I ſee thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine eyſight failes, or thou lookſt pale.
Rom: And truſt me Loue, in my eye ſo doo you,
Drie ſorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

Enter Nurſe haſtely.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all ſure.
She goeth downe from the window.

Enter

Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurſe.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?
Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet?*
Iul: How now, who calls?
Nur: It is your Mother.
Moth: Why how now *Iuliet?*
Iul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euermore weeping for your Coſens death:
I thinke thoult waſh him from his graue with teares.
Iul: I cannot chuſe, hauing ſo great a loſſe.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.
Iul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine *Romeo.*
Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a ſunder.
Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I ſoone would ſend to *Mantua* where he is,
That ſhould beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught,
As he ſhould ſoone beare *Tybalt* companie.
Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde ſuch a man:
For whileſt he liues, my heart ſhall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinſman vext?
Moth: Well let that paſſe. I come to bring thee ioyfull (newes?
Iul: And ioy comes well in ſuch a needfull time.
Moth: Well then, thou haſt a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pitying thy needfull ſtate,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.
Iul: What day is that I pray you?
Moth: Marry my Childe,

The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.
Iul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie yet.
And when I doo, it shalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.
Capo: Why how now, euermore showring?
In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succour shipwracke presently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you sounded her, what saies she to it?
Moth: I haue, but she will none she thankes ye:
VVould God that she were married to her graue.
Capo: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth she not wexe proud?
Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.
Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But settle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

Out

Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.
Iu: Good father heare me speake?

She kneeles downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther resolue on thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.
Nur: Mary God in heauen blesse her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.
Cap. And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tung,
Good prudence smatter with your gossips, goe.
Nur: Why my Lord I speake no treason.
Cap: Oh goddegodden.
Vtter your grauity ouer a gossips boule,
For heere we need it not.
Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.
Cap: Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon mee?
But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest.

I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest. *Exit.*

Iul: Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit*

Iul: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst tho
giue me.

Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:
Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challendge you,
Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout
In respect of him. I promise you
I thinke you happy in this second match.
As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.

Iul: Speakst thou this from thy heart?

Nur: I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.

Iul: Amen.

Nur: What say you Madame?

Iul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father,
To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,
And to be absolu'd.

Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.

She lookes after Nurse.

Iul: Auncient damnation, O most curst fiend,
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shalbe twaine.
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,

Par: My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.

Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Par: Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.
And in his wisedome hasts our mariage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe ye know the reason of this hast.

Fr: I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

Enter

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,
Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:
Iu: That may be sir, when I may be a wife,
Par: That may be, must be loue, on thursday next.
Iu: What must be shalbe.
Fr: Thats a certaine text.
Par: What come ye to confession to this Fryer.
Iu: To tell you that were to confesse to you.
Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.
Iul: I will confesse to you that I loue him,
Par: So I am sure you will that you loue me.
Iu: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,
Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore soule thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Iu: The teares haue got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par: Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.
Iu: That is no wrong sir, that is a truth:
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par: Thy face is mine and thou hast slaundred it,
Iu: It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure holy Father now:
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
Fr: My leasure serues me pensiue daughter now.
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
Par: God sheild I should disturbe deuotion,
Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Iu: Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help,
Fr: Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,
I heare thou must and nothiug may prorege it,

On

On Thursday next be married to the Countie.
Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,
Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.
Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.
Fr: Stay *Iuliet*, I doo spie a kinde of hope,
VVhich craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chyde away this shame,
That coapst with death it selfe to flye from blame.
And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,
VVhere roaring Beares and sauage Lions are:
Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,
VVith reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples sculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind VVife
To my deere Lord, my deerest *Romeo*.
Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze

Each

Each vitall ſpirit: for no Pulſe ſhall keepe
His naturall progreſſe, but ſurceaſe to beate:
No ſigne of breath ſhall teſtifie thou liuſt.
And in this borrowed likenes of ſhrunke death,
Thou ſhalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
Ile ſend in haſt to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
And he ſhall come and take thee from thy graue.
Iul: Frier I goe, be ſure thou ſend for my deare *Romeo*.

Exeunt.

Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurſe, and Seruingman.

Capo: Where are you ſirra?
Ser: Heere forſooth.
Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.
Capo: How canſt thou know them ſo?
Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fingers.
Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Seruingman.

But wheres this Head-ſtrong?
Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
To be confeſt.
Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo ſome good of her,
A headſtrong ſelfe wild harlotrie it is.

Enter

Enter Iuliet.

Moth: See here ſhe commeth from Confeſsion,
Capo: How now my Head-ſtrong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iul: Where I haue learned to repent the ſin
Of froward wilfull oppoſition
Gainſt you and your beheſts, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall proſtrate here,
And craue remiſsion of ſo foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth: Why thats well ſaid.
Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the Countie preſently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
Iul: Nurſe, will you go with me to my Cloſet,
To ſort ſuch things as ſhall be requiſite
Againſt to morrow.
Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurſe goe in with her,
Helpe her to ſort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you preſently,
Nur: Come ſweet hart, ſhall we goe?
Iul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurſe and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thurſday would be time enough.
Capo: I ſay I will haue this diſpatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.
Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thurſday.
Capo: I ſay to morrow while ſhees in the mood.
Moth: We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion.

Capo:

Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nurse, Iuliet.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?
Iul: Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
Nur: Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
and so good night. *Exit.*

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?
Iul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.
Moth: Well then good night, be stirring *Iuliet*,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*
Iul: Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-
gaine.
Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this Potion should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should giue me this drinke
To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the Toomb?

Awake an houre before the appointed time:
Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see
My Cosin *Tybalt* weltring in his blood,
Seeking for *Romeo*: stay *Tybalt*, stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.

Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.

Moth: Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.
Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
will be sicke anone.
Cap: I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all
night, and haue taken no harme at all.
Moth: I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time.

Enter Seruingman With Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now sirra?
What haue you there?
Ser: Forsooth Logs.
Cap: Goe, goe choose dryer. Will will tell thee where
thou shalt fetch them.
Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I trow to
choose

choose a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haste call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with musicke straight.
Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady birde? fast I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest that you shal rest but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue, what bride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how sound she sleeps: Nay then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, dresst in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, some Aqua vitæ hoe.

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?
Nur: Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
Moth: Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?
Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.
Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.
Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?
Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,

Death

Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.
Par: Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodegies?
Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,
Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.
Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.
Cap: O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholy fled.
Cap: Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day haue you preseru'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
Depriude of sence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.
Cap: O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desird to see.
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depriude by suddaine destinie.
Moth: O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne,
To be partaker of this destinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.
Fr: O peace for shame, if not for charity,
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.

Come

Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarse,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,
Cap: Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtens.

Enter Musitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case. *Exit.*
1. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser: Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me some mery dumpe.
1. A sir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?
1. No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I giue it you, and soundly too.
1. What will you giue vs?
Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.
1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.
Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit, Come on Simon sound Pot, Ile pose you.
1 Lets heare.
Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:
Then musique with her siluer sound,
Why siluer sound? Why siluer sound?
1. I thinke because musicke hath a sweet sound.
Ser: Pretie, what say you Mathew mimkine?

2. I thinke because Musitions sound for siluer.
Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?
3. I say nothing.
Ser: I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the Singer. I saye Siluer sound, because such Fellowes as you haue sildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell. *Exit.*
1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom: If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame presagde some good euent to come,
My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*,
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Iuliet?* that I aske againe,
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.
Balt: Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
Her bodie sleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.
Rom: Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres.

Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,
I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.
Balt: Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.
Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre those horse: stay not I say.

Exit Balthasar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the same an *Aligarta* hangs,
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels,
Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: VVho calls, what would you sir?
Rom: Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere,
As will dispatch the wearie takers life,
As suddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a Cannons mouth.
Apo: Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

Rom: Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,
And doost thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie,
And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.
Apo: My pouertie but not my will consents.
Rom: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.
Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.
Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules
Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* Graue: for there must I vse thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier Iohn.

Iohn: VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho?
Laur: This same should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*.
VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?
Iohn: Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to associate mee,
Here in this Cittie visiting the sick,
VVhereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both shut vp.
Laur: VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo*?
Iohn: I haue them still, and here they are.
Laur: Now by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
Goe get thee hence, and get me presently

A ſpade and mattocke.

Iohn: Well I will preſently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*

Laur: Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Leaſt that the Ladie ſhould before I come
Be wakde from ſleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miſerie. *Exit.*

Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers and ſweete water.

Par: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare cloſe to the hollow ground.
And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Straight giue me notice.

Boy: I will my Lord.

Paris ſtrewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I ſtrew thy Bridale bed:
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doſt containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells doſt remaine,
Accept this lateſt fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praiſes doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy whiſtles and calls. My Lord.

Enter Romeo and Balthaſar, with a torch, a mattocke, and a crow of yron.

Par:

Par: The boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foote wanders this was to night,
To ſtay my obſequies and true loues rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

Rom: Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching Iron.
And take theſe letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.
So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I muſt vſe
In deare imployment. but if thou wilt ſtay,
Further to prie in what I vndertake,
By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.
The time and my intents are ſauage, wilde.

Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

Rom: So ſhalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.

Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom: Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the deareſt morſell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par: This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murderd my loues coſen, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*.
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou muſt dye.

Rom: I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good youth be gone, tempt not a deſperate man.

Heape not another sinne vpon my head
By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:
For I come hyther armde against my selfe,
Par: I doe defie thy coniurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
Rom: What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par: Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom: Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, noble County *Paris*?
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not regard him as we past a long.
Did he not say *Paris* should haue maried
Iuliet? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.
But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou hast prizd thy loue aboue thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleeue that vnsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlasting rest
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.
Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye. *Falls*

Enter

Enter Fryer With a Lanthorne.

How oft to night haue these my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
Whose there?
Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.
Fr: Who is it that consorts so late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?
Man It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearely.
Fr. Who is it?
Man: *Romeo*.
Fr: How long hath he beene there?
Man: Full halfe an houre and more.
Fr: Goe with me thether.
Man: I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.
Fr: Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.

Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?
What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?
Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre
Is accessary to so foule a sinne?

Iuliet rises.

The Lady sturres.

Ah comfortable Fryer.
I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.
Fr: Lady come foorth, I heare some noise at hand,
We shall be taken, *Paris* he is slaine,
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessarie.
I will prouide for you in some close Nunery.
Iul: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not fro m hence.
Fr: I heare some noise, I dare not stay, come, come,
Iul: Goe get thee gone.
Whats heere a cup clos'de in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter Watch.

Watch: This way, this way.
Iul: I, noise? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.
She stabs herselfe and falles.

Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare.
Attach and bring them to vs presently.
Enter one with the Fryer.
1. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
Fitte to ope a tombe.
Cap: A great suspition, keep him safe.

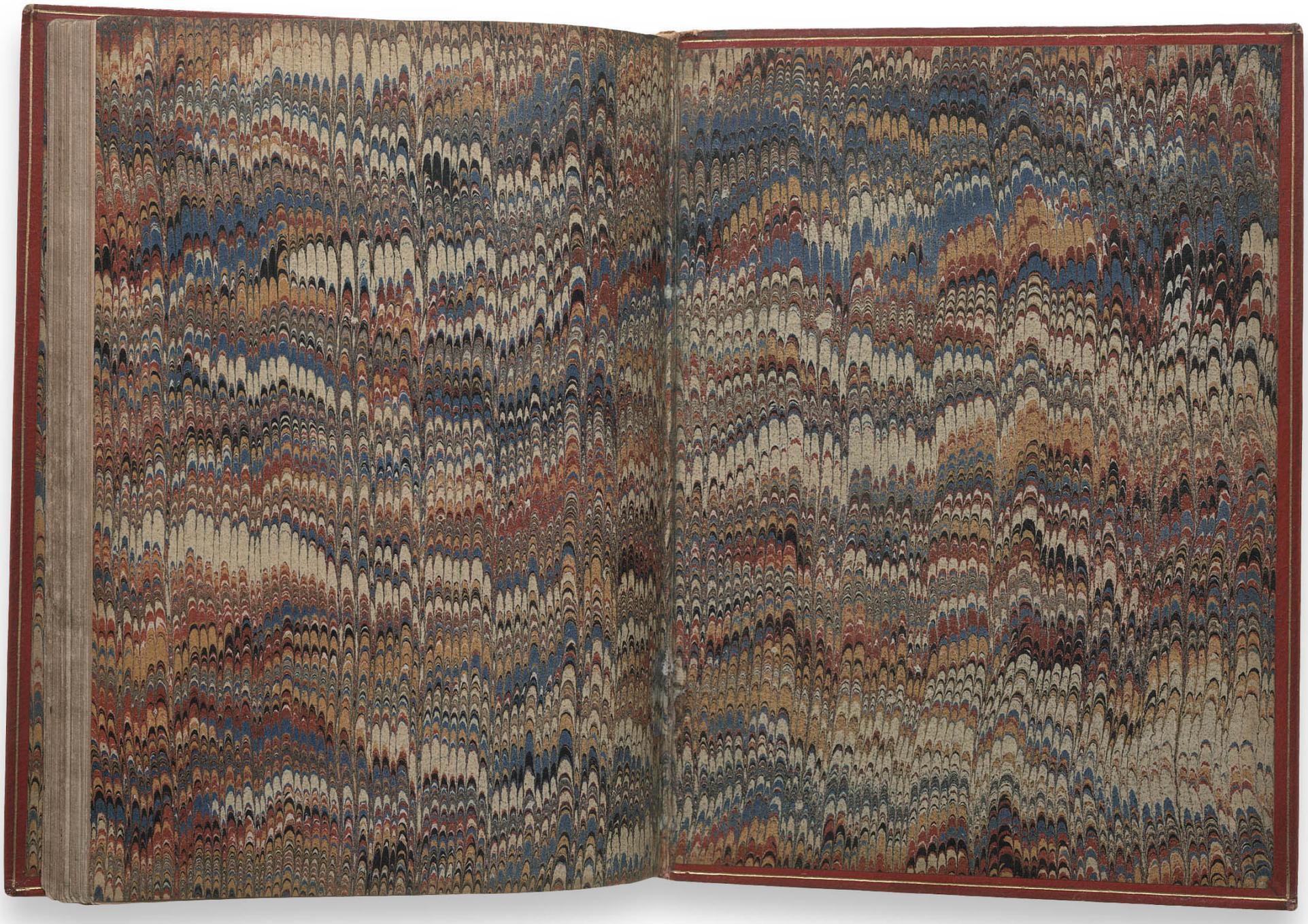
Enter one With Romets Man.
1. Heeres *Romeos* Man.
Capt: Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.
Prin: What early mischiefe call, vs vp so soone.
Capt: O noble Prince, see here
Where *Iuliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warme and fresh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
Likewise newly slaine.
Prin: Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.
Capo: What rumor's this that is so early vp?
Moth: The people in the streetes crie *Romeo*,
And some on *Iuliet:* as if they alone
Had been the cause of such a mutinie.
Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*,
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

Enter olde Montague.
Prin: Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp,
To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.
Mount: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong *Benuolio* is deceased too:
What further mischiefe can there yet be found?
Prin: First come and see, then speake.
Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To presse before thy Father to a graue.
Prin: Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out
Of such a hainous and seld seene mischaunce.
Bring forth the parties in suspition.
Fr: I am the greatest able to doo least.
Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.

And Ile informe you how these things fell out.
Iuliet here slaine was married to that *Romeo*,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
VVas *Tybalts* doomesday: for which *Romeo*
VVas banished from hence to *Mantua*.
He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To giue consent; and therefore did she vrge me
Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd
VVhat so her Father sought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatned
Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all post speed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (Frier *Iohn*)
Seeking a Brother to associate him,
VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,
VVas stayed by the Searchers of the Towne.
But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,
That *Iuliet* was deceasde, returnde in post
Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.
VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
VVhich she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat after happened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miscaried.

By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be sacrifised some houre before his time.
To the most strickest rigor of the Law.
Pry: VVe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he say in this?
Balth: I brought my maister word that shee was dead,
And then he poasted straight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.
Prin: Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?
Boy: I brought my Master vnto *Iuliets* graue,
But one approaching, straight I calld my Master.
At last they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can say or know.
Prin: These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountague*.
VVhere are these enemies? see what hate hath done,
Cap: Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I bestowe on her, thats all I haue.
Moun: But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her statue of pure golde:
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.
Cap: As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.
Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

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